



University of
Toronto

Faculty of
Music

FACULTY ARTIST SERIES

Jo-Anne Bentley
mezzo-soprano

William Aide, piano

Monday, November 13, 1995
8 pm

Walter Hall
Edward Johnson
Building



PROGRAMME

Der Nöck
Mädchen sind wie der Wind
Süßes Begräbnis
Edward

Carl Loewe
(1796-1869)

La chanson du fou
Après l'hiver
La coccinelle

Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Rückert Lieder
Ich atmet' einen linden Duft
Liebst du um Schönheit
Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder
Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen
Um Mitternacht

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

INTERMISSION

Trois Mélodies
Pourquoi?
Le Sourire
La Fiancée perdue

Olivier Messiaen
(1908-1992)

Songs to poems of Emily Dickinson
Two butterflies went out at noon
The morns are meeker than they were
There's a certain slant of light
Poor little Heart!

Robert Baksa
(b. 1938)

Songs of Perfect Propriety
Indian Summer
The Choice
Love Song
Bric-a-Brac
Symptom Recital

Seymour Barab
(b. 1921)

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Der Nöck / The Nix August Kopish

The nix's harp gives forth its sound,
the unruly waterfall stands still,
its foam, its waves are poised
as a rainbow about the nix.
The trees bow low and are silent,
the nightingale draws breath
and listens.

"O nix, to what end is your singing?
Blissful can you never be.
How can your singing serve?"
The nix raises his eyes,
looks at the little ones,
begins to weep...
and plunges into the flood.

The waterfall roars and rushes,
high and away the nightingale flies,
the trees raise mightily
their green magnificent tops.
Oh dear, they have, those noisy boys
disturbed the nix in the waterfall!

"Come back, nix, you sing so sweet.
Any who do, may enter heaven.
You with those notes of yours,
will win through to paradise!
Oh come, they were jesting, those boys.
Come back, nix, and sweetly sing."

The nix's harp gives forth its sound
and again the waterfall stands still,
its foam, its waves are poised
as a rainbow about the nix.
The trees bow low and are silent,
the nightingale draws breath
and listens.

Powerfully the nix plays and sings
of see, earth, heavenly splendour.
By his singing, he causes laughter
and blissful tears!--
The wood trembles, the sun fades...
He sings into the starry night!

Mädchen sind wie der Wind / A Girl is like the Wind Anon.

A girl is like the wind,
bestowing her affections fleetingly.
Today to me, tomorrow to you --
Her heart is fickle!

Don't trust her! When she says:
"Darling it's you I'll worship!"
Flattery and hypocrisy come from
that laughing countenance.

Where she goes, where she stays,
Even if she kisses you,
She's here and then there--
Who knows who to blame?

Beautiful and round is her enticing
mouth but its beautiful sounds
coily conceal that it can prick
the heart with bitter gain.

A girl is like the wind,
bestowing her affections fleetingly.
Today to me, tomorrow to you--
Her heart is fickle.
A girl is like the wind!

Süßes Begräbnis / Sweet Burial Friedrich Rückert

Shepherdess, ah, how sweetly
they have laid you to rest!
All the breezes moaned,
the May bell-flowers rang,
Glowworms carried the torches,
The stars refused to shine.
Night wears mourning crepe
and all its shadows are the choir.
Dawn will weep dew-tears for you
and the sun's blessing will
shine upon your grave.
Shepherdess, ah, how sweetly
they have laid you to rest!

Edward / Edward
Scottish ballad

Why does your sword so drop with blood,
Edward, Edward,
why does your sword so drop with blood,
and why do you walk so sadly? O!

I have killed my hawk,
mother, mother,
I have killed my hawk,
and I grieve for that. O!

Your hawk's blood is not so red,
Edward, Edward,
your hawk's blood is not so red--
confess the truth to me, my son. O!

I have killed my red roan steed,
mother, mother,
I have killed my red roan steed,
which was so proud and so faithful. O!

Your steed was old, and you do not need it,
Edward, Edward,
your steed was old, and you do not need it,
some other sorrow weighs you down. O!

I have killed my father,
mother, mother,
I have killed my father,
and that torments my heart. O!

What penance will you do for that,
Edward, Edward,
What penance will you do for that?
Tell me my son! O!

My feet shall not rest on this earth,
mother, mother,
My feet shall not rest on this earth,
I will wander beyond the sea. O!

And what will become of your house and hall,
Edward, Edward,
and what will become of your house and hall,
so glorious, so fair. O!

I'll let them stand till they fall down,
mother, mother,
I'll let them stand till they fall down;
I shall never see them again. O!

And what will become of your wife and child,
Edward, Edward,
and what will become of your wife and child,
when you go over the sea? O!

The world is wide--let them beg through life,
mother, mother,
the world is wide, let them beg through life--
I shall never see them again. O!

And what is your mother to do,
Edward, Edward,
and what is your mother to do--
tell me, my son! O!

The curse of hell shall fall upon you,
mother, mother,
the curse of hell shall fall upon you--
for it was you who counselled me! O!

La chanson du fou / The Madman's Song
Victor Hugo

When the sun goes down,
You who seek adventure
take care not to fall;
The earth, the evening are murky.

The deceitful ocean covers the dunes
with mist.
See, no homes are visible on the horizon.
Not one.

Many thieves follow you,
The night belongs to all.
The witches of the woods
sometimes bear us a grudge.

They wander up and down:
hoping to encounter someone.
The goblins of the air
dance in the moonlight.

Après l'hiver / After winter

Victor Hugo

Everything is coming to life again, my beloved!
 The grey sky is losing its pallor!
 When the earth is sweetly scented,
 our spirits lift.
 Come! Come!
 An invisible flute sighs in the orchard.
 The most peaceful song is the shepherd's song.

The air is intoxicating.
 You rest, peacefully in my arms.
 On the rosebush what roses!
 What sighs in our hearts!
 Come!. Come!
 The wind ripples the dark water under the oak.
 The most joyful song is the bird's song.

Brilliant light and our own perfume.
 We bathe our happy hearts
 in the supreme emanation of love's elements.
 Come! Come! Let no anxiety torment you,
 Let us love always!
 The most charming song is the song of love.
 Come! Come! Let us love forever.

La Coccinelle / The Ladybird

Victor Hugo

She said to me: "Something is tormenting me...."
 and I noticed her snowy white neck...
 and above...and above...a little pink insect.

I just had to...yes...but,
 wise or foolish, at sixteen one is wild!
 I wanted to see a kiss on her mouth
 more than an insect on her neck!

One would have said it was like a shell,
 a pink back spotted with black:
 We could see the bird hidden
 beneath her foliage.

Her sweet mouth was there...Alas! Alas!
 I bent down to the beautiful girl...
 And caught the insect...but...
 the kiss flew away!

"Son, learn how you came to be:"

Said the insect of the blue sky...

"Ladybirds have come from God Almighty:
 but stupid behaviour comes from men."

Alas! I just had to...yes...Alas!...

I just had to.....

**Ich atmet' einen linden Duft /
I breathed a gentle scent of lime**

Friedrich Rückert

I breathed a gentle scent of lime.
 in the room stood a lime-twig,
 the gift of a dear hand.
 How lovely was the scent of lime!

How lovely is the scent of lime!
 The lime-twig you broke off gently.
 Softly I breathe the scent of lime,
 the gentle scent of love.

**Liebs, du um Schönheit /
If You Love for Beauty**

If you love for beauty, then do not love me!
 Love the sun for its golden hair.
 If you love for youth, then do not love me!
 Love the spring who is young every year.
 If you love for treasure, then do not love me!
 Love the mermaid who has many bright pearls
 If you love for love--oh then love me!
 Love me always as I will always love you!

**Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder /
Do not Look at my Songs!**

Do not look at my songs before they are finished!
 I lower my eyes as though caught in a crime.
 Even I myself dare not look on as they grow--
 your curiosity is treason.

When bees build their cells they too let no one
 look in and do not look on themselves.
 When they have brought the rich honeycombs
 To the light of day,
 You shall taste them before anyone else!

**Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen /
Lost to the World**

Friedrich Rückert

I am lost to the world
on which I used to waste so much time.
It has heard nothing of me for so long
that it may well think me dead.

I do not care at all
whether it thinks me dead.
Nor can I deny it:
for I have really died to the world.

I have died to the world's tumult
and rest in a realm of quiet:
I live alone in my own heaven,
in my love, in my song.

Um Mitternacht / At Midnight

At midnight

I was awake
and looked up to the heavens;
Not one of the whole host of stars
smiled down to me
at midnight.

At midnight
my thoughts went out
to the bounds of darkness.
No thought of light
brought me comfort
at midnight.

At midnight
I heeded
the beating of my heart;
but one pulse of pain
throbbed, burning,
at midnight.

At midnight
I fought the battle
of your suffering, mankind!
I could not decide it
with all my strength
at midnight.

At midnight
I resigned all power
into Thy hand.
Lord! over death and life
Thou keepest watch,
at midnight.

Pourquoi? / Why?

Olivier Messiaen

Why the birds of the air,
Why the reflections in water,
Why the clouds of the sky,
Why?
Why the leaves of autumn,
Why the roses of summer,
Why the songs of spring,
Why?
Why do they not charm me,
Why, Why, Ah! Why?

Le sourire / The smile

Colette Sauvage

A certain word murmured by you
is a kiss, intimate and prolonged.
Like a kiss on the soul.
My mouth wants to smile
And my smile
trembles.

La fiancée perdue / The lost fiancée

Olivier Messiaen

It's the sweet fiancée, It's the angel of goodness,
It's an afternoon bathed in sunshine,
It's the wind in the flowers.

It's a smile pure as the heart of a child,
It's a beautiful lily, white as a wing,
Aloft in a golden chalice.

O Jesus. bless her!
Give her your powerful grace!
That she knows no suffering or tears!
Give her peace, Jesus!

Two butterflies went out at noon
Emily Dickinson

Two butterflies went out at noon
And waltzed above a stream,
Then stepped right through the firmament
And rested on a beam;

And then together bore away
Upon a shining sea,--
Though never yet in any port,
Their coming mentioned be.

If spoken by the distant bird,
If met in ether sea
By frigate or by merchantman,
Report was not to me.

The morns are meeker than they were
Emily Dickinson

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown,
The buzzard's beak is prouder,
The rose is out of town.
The morns are meeker than they were,
The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

There's a certain slant of light
Emily Dickinson

There's a certain slant of light,
On winter afternoons,
That oppresses, like the weight
Of cathedral tunes.

Heavenly hurt it gives us;
We can find no scar,
But internal difference
Where the meanings are.

None may teach it anything,
'Tis the seal, despair,--
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the air.

When it comes, the landscape listens,
Shadows hold their breath;
When it goes, 'tis like the distance
On the look of death.

Poor little heart!
Emily Dickinson

Poor little Heart! Poor little Heart!
Did they forget thee?
Then dinna care! Then dinna care!
Proud little Heart! Proud little Heart!
Did they forsake thee?
Be debonnaire! Be debonnaire!

Frail little Heart! Frail little Heart!
I would not break thee--
Could'st credit me? Could'st credit me?
Gay little Heart! Gay little Heart!
Like Morning Glory! Wind and Sun
Wilt thee array, wilt thee array!

Jo-Anne Bentley is a Canadian mezzo-soprano who has been described as "a particularly fine example of the breed" having an "attractive voice, mature and even, which has been cultivated with fastidious care and sounds marvellous" (Montreal Gazette). A native of Vancouver, she received a B.A. (Hons Engl Lit) and a B. Mus. (Musicology) from the University of British Columbia. Ms. Bentley pursued her graduate studies at McGill University where she was awarded M.M.A. degrees in both Voice Performance and Musicology. She remained in Montreal for several years during which she taught voice and song interpretation at Vanier College and McGill University while maintaining a high performance profile. During her varied professional career she has been a music critic for the Montreal Star, a member of the Tudor Singers of Montreal, a guest artist for many choirs, chamber ensembles and symphonies across Canada and a frequent solo recitalist for CBC radio. "A pure delight", "stunning in format and presentation", "poetry, music and drama all rolled into one" are some of the ways her performances have been reviewed in the press. A recipient of the prestigious Commonwealth Scholarship and two grants from the Canada Council, Ms. Bentley presently combines concertizing with teaching voice in the Faculty of Music at the University of Toronto where she is an Adjunct Associate Professor. She is also currently a Vice-President of the Ontario Chapter of the National Association of Teachers of Singing.

Pianist William Aide received his musical degrees from the University of Toronto and the Juilliard School of Music. In 1962, he won first prize in the CBC Talent Festival and the Canada Council Award for Young Performing Artists. Mr. Aide is a distinguished solo recitalist, chamber musician and accompanist and has collaborated with conductors Walter Susskind, Charles Dutoit, Mario Bernardi, Raffi Armenian, Arthur Fiedler and Andrew Davis. Glenn Gould referred to him as "one of the most inventive and imaginative pianistic talents of our time." Professor Aide has recorded the Chopin *24 Etudes*, the Brahms *Cello Sonatas* with cellist Ofra Harnoy and has a five compact disc set of the complete Suzuki method repertoire. The BBC and CBC have recorded his performances and he has given concerts in New York City, the former Soviet Union, Chicago, San Francisco and throughout Canada. In February 1993, Professor Aide served as Artist-in-Residence at the Aix-en-Provence Conservatory of Music which included a performance at the Salle Campra, Aix-en-Provence. A glowing review stated that "one could detect two major strengths from his playing: the extreme quality of his sonority and the sovereign mastery of musical time." Mr. Aide returns to this venue in November, 1995. William Aide came to the music faculty at the University of Toronto in 1978 and currently serves as Chairman of the Keyboard Division.

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Faculty Artist Series Concert
Monday, November 27 at 8 pm
The Meridian Ensemble

Amy Hamilton, flute; Keith Atkinson, oboe; Kent McWilliams, piano
performing works by
Shchedrin, Musgrave Cimarosa, Reizenstein & Gaubert
Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building
Tickets \$15/\$10, Box Office 978-3744